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No. VII.]

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THE

ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

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T H E

ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

No. VII. — NOVEMBER 15TH, 1865.

OF FALLING IN AND OUT OF LOVE.

THE greatest mistake a man can possibly make is to "put his foot into it" by proposing to a girl with whom he fancies himself in love. No doubt most men have, though it would be decidedly against the grain to acknowledge it, at some time or other felt temporarily "smitten" with some external charm, or become enslaved for a day or two (particularly when other men are in the field), by the numerous graces and accomplishments which our fair countrywomen know how to display so admirably to the best advantage. We all know that a little vanity, a box of violet powder, and a *cheval* glass, are allowed to every woman ; we also know that women, as well as men, like to be sought after, and to be made much of by the opposite sex.

It is such a very nice thing to be popular—it makes one feel contented with things in general, and with men in particular ; a popular woman not only knows her power, but she feels herself so much above those of her sex who do not "take" so well with men, that she is apt to look upon the attentions, and, in nine cases out of ten, to value the flattery and pretty speeches of men at far more than they are really worth. A popular woman has a formidable array of enemies, but they are confined almost entirely to her own sex and household ; hence it follows that a woman, who is idolized by men, can, and generally does, look down with supreme contempt on the bitter remarks of her less favoured rivals. She not only despises the taunts of the jealous —which in many cases contain a little truth after all—but she, in turn, makes the fatal mistake of caring what men, for whom in her heart she does not care one atom, think and say of her

and to her. Men not only endeavour, recklessly, and at any cost, to win women, but very often succeed in spoiling them altogether, and unfit them to meet those sublunary difficulties which have to be faced (and overcome) in married life.

We cannot describe exactly, or with justice, the various methods which have been and are adopted by men to enable them to carry off those long-sought prizes of beauty, fat money-bags, or accomplishments, which are yearly offered by anxious mothers to the most eligible bidders for household stock in the hot *salons* of the West End ; but we know that, as a rule, the "spooning" to which most men commit themselves before marriage has not only an unfavourable effect on the characters of women, but often mars the happiness of the spliced ones.

A woman, who has been sought after, and placed on the pinnacle of man's highest admiration, cannot, unless she be of the superhuman type, help feeling that she receives a larger share of attention than most of her sex ; she can not only afford to snub some of her weakest devotees, but she need not, unless she be very thin-skinned, feel the weight of those cold blankets and dismal homilies which those ladies, who are decidedly *passées*, will be ever ready to offer for the use of her body and the edification of her soul. As a natural consequence, she comes to look upon the attention of men as something enduring, and to which she has, in fact, a right. It is, however, to be borne in mind that not only men, but women are, both by nature and education, capricious. The "charming woman" of 1865 would not, in the eyes of most men, be equally charming ten years hence ; and why, we ask, should "marrying men" be thus induced to alter their minds in so short a space of time ? For this reason. They "spoon" at the wrong time ; they "fall in love" (to use the language of sensation novelists) with young girls who have nothing to recommend them except beauty, wealth, or accomplishments. The beauty *must* fade in the course of years ; the wealth *may* turn out to be nothing more or less than "gentle poverty," and the accomplishments are simply those of a boarding-school miss, acquired at the expense of anxious parents for a certain purpose, and used in the end as an unfailing bait by the maternal fishers of men.

We would suggest that there must be something very rotten in our present ideas of matrimony, if men allow themselves to be thus gulled by the charms (temporary only) of daughters who have no other recommendations than those we have enumerated—viz., beauty, wealth, or accomplishments. If a man be fool enough

to "fall in love" with either of these "baits," so much the worse for the man; he, and his wife too (if he be unfortunate enough to obtain one), will come, in the course of years, to acknowledge that the hasty "love" of "sweet seventeen" is no guarantee whatever for a life of true happiness and contentment. The wife of 35 will ask how it is that she is no longer the queen she was years ago, when there were lots of suitors ready to "win" her (as she thought) at any price. The husband will meekly excuse himself from offering an explanation; feel himself henpecked; and twice a week, at least, will find that he has to absent himself by going to London, to "see a man about a dog," or on some other important business.

It is not to be expected that a woman who has been petted and spoiled by the attentions and pretty speeches of men could ever feel happy and contented under the roof of a mere matter-of-fact man, whose sole reply to the remonstrances of friends would be, *à la d'Aubans*, "I'm a married man myself." On the other hand, most men gain wisdom as they live; they not only outlive their spooning fits, but when they see other men "in love" they exclaim, with a sigh, "Oh, yes! I've gone through it all myself." In short, an Act of Parliament will have to be passed before long to prevent women from being disappointed of their hopes; while pains and penalties ought to be inflicted on all those men who are not ten times more attentive fifteen years after marriage to the "objects of their affection" than they were before, in the golden age when spooning and writing verses to the moon, or to each other's eyes, were the order of the day.

RED CLUB.

THEOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

A SMALL war has been raging in the columns of the *Star* concerning the "practices" in St. Alban's Church. A gentleman, who signed himself "Fred. Bayham," described a visit he paid to the wilds of North London, and the spectacle he there beheld of a High Church service, with much the same simplicity of wonderment as most of us would express in detailing our impressions of a ride through Cairo, and a day with the dancing Dervishes. Hardly had the editor of the *Star* admitted this sprightly sally into his paper, when a whole posse of Puseyites rushed indignantly to the defence of their beloved St. Alban's,

and tore Mr. Bayham's letter sentence from sentence. Could we only change the "snowy camise and the shaggy capote" for the white surplice and those gorgeous stoles which the Bishop of London has so cruelly denominated "ribbons," we should be enabled, on these occasions, to fancy the reverend gentlemen following the example of "the dark Sulioite."

"To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
And descends to the war like a stream from the rock."

Their "flocks" are not very "wild," however, even in remotest Holborn, not to speak of the precincts of St. Barnabas and St. Paul; and the only "wolves and vultures" to which they would be exposed by the temporary neglect of their proper shepherds, would be some prowling Evangelical or voracious Methodist, such as Artemus Ward describes as a "Beast of *pray*." Of course Mr. Bayham replies, and receives a dozen rejoinders; and it is questionable, when this paper sees the light, whether, wave on wave, the controversy may not have widened from the green altar-cloth of St. Albans to the Prayer-book of Edward VI., and from the Prayer-book to the Bible, and the Bible to Colenso, and Colenso to geology, and geology to—that abyss on whose edge these theological champions exchange their blows. We have no intention of taking our readers to view the dismal sport of such encounters; but the familiar occurrence of such controversies in our secular newspapers may suggest a few not valueless reflections.

First, the immense growth of interest in matters appertaining to religion within the last few years in this country is quite a feature of the times. In circles literary, scientific, artistic, political, and even merely of the *grand monde*, we hear the last new heresy discussed as familiarly as the last murder, the last novel, almost we had ventured to say, the last new opera. Fearful words flit across the best appointed dinner-tables like bats, where heretofore only humming-birds were wont to sparkle amid the fruits and flowers of the dessert—"Gorillas," "Neanderthal skull," "Pentateuch," "Rénan," "Prehistoric Man," "Millions of Ages," "Eozoon Canadense," "Elohistic Fragments." Our newspapers, professedly devoted to secular matters, seize on some bits of theological scandal like this of St. Alban's, or the late consecration by Bishop Tait, or the troubles of poor Brother Ignatius, or the delightful history of the "good and great" luminary of Liverpool, above all, on every crumb of intelligence regarding the brave Bishop of Natal, all with the visible eager-

ness of editors who know they have got a paragraph their readers will take up with special interest. Grave debates on Church politics invade the higher periodicals each year, each quarter, each month, more frequently. We are in a word rapidly becoming what we once heard a great Italian lady talk of as the most amazing thing in the world, "People who talk about Theology."

On the other hand this universal talk reveals pretty nearly equally universal ignorance. It is what Americans call a "caution" to look over such a correspondence as this in the *Star*, or such as goes on in *Public Opinion* and numberless other journals continually, and reflect what a game of blindman's-buff the various writers are playing. Not one in a dozen seems ever to have entered the places of worship, much less to have read the books he abuses. One thinks it quite enough for final condemnation of a church to say it "has a cross on the altar." Another (his antagonist) remarks with scorn unmitigated that "Prayers are read in an iron edifice." Both fearlessly assert that "The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Examined," is a deliberate effort to "prove the word of God a lie." On the other hand the really free enquirers seek from their fellow-correspondents responses to questions of perfectly amazing magnitude, needing all the best philosophy of the greatest thinkers of the world. Only a few months ago one paper, price 2d., debated and settled the "possibility of miracles," after an animated though somewhat irregular run of four numbers. We do not despair of beholding the existence of the Absolute decided ere long equally satisfactorily.

At the time of the Gorham controversy, a writer in the *Westminster Review* remarked that a few centuries hence the historian of England would observe, "This people was great in the mechanical arts, and in the arts of colonization and government, but their religious condition must have been deplorable indeed. We find the highest tribunal in the country in the middle of the nineteenth century engaged in debating the question, '*In what way* the wetting of little babies prevents God from consigning them after death to a burning cave.' The dispute does not seem to have turned on the point of the efficacy of the wetting or of the fate of the babies not subjected to the process, but only on the *way* in which it affected the Divine decrees."

We may, perhaps, twenty years later, afford to speculate on what the same historian will say of us; and hope that he may see

in the growing interest in all matters connected with religious enquiry, the dawn of a day wherein the stupid ignorance in which our clergy have left us hitherto will no longer be possible to any "Verax" or "Inquirer" of them all.

F. P. C.

WOMEN versus HOMER AND PLATO.

TRULY this is the age of "sensations;" sensation novels, sensation plays, sensation scenes, sensation advertisements are now all the go; the Royal Academy has its sensation pictures, cricket its sensation hit; everything which is intended to please the public must have its sensational characters. Jubilant and happy as a king is the man who has the luck to form the nucleus of a fascinating "sensation." Caterers for the public amusement, dramatists, and novelists rack their poor brains to such an alarming extent that we expect shortly to hear that one or more of them have died of a new disease to be called *Mania sensifera Britannica*. We might almost suppose that if John Locke were this day to come to life again, he would only be too glad to transfer the origin of our ideas from sensation to some other source.

We are now threatened with a supply of sensation wives, sensation daughters, and sensation sisters; the origin of this novel scheme is due to a certain Dr. Heimann, who thus advertises his kind and tender-hearted sympathies:—

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We would in the first place suggest to Dr. Heimann that he must have made a little mistake in selecting the *Standard* as the medium whereby to make public wishes of so extravagant a nature. The *Standard* is written for Tories, and how is it possible for a Tory father to tolerate such an innovation as his Tory daughter reading Homer and Plato with a foreign doctor in the original tongue? Far be it from us to wish any ill to the success of the *Standard*; but we should advise the learned doctor to withdraw his advertisement from its columns, and to insert it in some other paper where it would be more likely to be appreciated, e.g., *Punch* or *Fun*, in which case he would do well to have it printed in bold type and arranged in a prominent posi-

* *Standard*, Oct. 25, 1865.

tion on one of the inner pages ; he might also, with considerable advantage to himself, have it tastefully illustrated ; the result would doubtless be most successful, especially if he be as prepossessing and as well-favoured in appearance as the majority of those Germans whom it is one's fate to meet with occasionally in London. Dr. Heimann is evidently of the same opinion as the infatuated German who wrote that woman was intended to be the masterpiece of creation, and that everything, physical strength only excepted, is better in the fair sex than in the other. This sentiment, though containing some truth, is so essentially hyperbolical that it needs no retort.

The duties of women in their respective vocations have been so frequently set forth, and are generally so self-evident, that to expatiate upon them in this place is unnecessary. The languages and literature of ancient Greece and Rome are not adapted to the study of any woman, unless she be of the bluest hue, and thus unfitted for the society of man. It is a well-known fact that to acquire an accurate and critical knowledge of Greek and Latin requires the best part of a long life. If the manifold duties of woman engross, as they ought to do, the best part of her life, how can she be expected to discuss questions which are wrapt in the crabb'd intricacies of the ancient writers ? Nor, even if women had the time, is it at all desirable ; the young ladies of the present day read of quite enough loose morality in the trumpery, catchpenny novels which are now so widely circulated, without having recourse to that which is so often met with in classical literature. Besides this, such studies could not fail to encourage women to be fond of controversy—an evil strongly to be guarded against. How many of those women who are given to wrangling are open to conviction ? A number infinitesimally small, even when they are condemned out of their own mouth. We lately heard of a lady, who boasted of a knowledge of Latin, and persisted in her assertion that *perambulators* ought to be called *præ-ambulators* from the fact of this species of carriage always preceding the nurse who pushes it along. We do not hesitate to predict that from the day on which classical literature becomes a general study among women, women will cease to occupy that exalted position for which they were made, and the esteem with which they are now invariably regarded will gradually dwindle down to a nonentity. It is certainly not women's duty to strive to rival Madame Dacier ; nor are there many men, besides Dr. Heimann, who would rejoice at the idea of their sisters or daughters attending Greek classes for the study of Homer and Plato,

The "sensation" age will surely have arrived at its climax, and Dr. Heimann at the zenith of bliss, when the day comes for ladies to fill the highest offices of State, and for Messrs. Conington and Jowett to vacate their professorial chairs in favour of lady-successors,—perhaps two of Dr. Heimann's pupils—and for the learned professions to be severally represented by their lady champions. We could not, of course, be so very uncharitable as to suppose that Dr. Heimann has any but the purest motives in founding this novel institution ; we leave it to our readers to judge for themselves as to the success which it deserves.

LORD PALMERSTON.

LET us now praise a famous man, and one renowned for his power, a leader of the people by his counsels ; a rich man furnished with ability ; wise, if not eloquent, in his instructions, who was not only honoured in his generation, but the glory of his time. This language must be familiar to many of our readers ; but it strikes home, and is appropriate to our pages in recording the great loss which the nation has sustained in the death of Lord Palmerston. It is not within our province to add to the numerous biographies which have already appeared of the late illustrious Prime Minister ; but we feel it incumbent upon us not to let our new number go forth to the world without an expression of sincere regret at the loss of one of the most genial and upright statesmen who has borne sway in our generation. Lord Palmerston's name had become familiar as household words in all the courts of Europe ; his word, and the purity of his motives, were everywhere respected, and his administrative capacity was not once called in question. He has left us full of years and honour, for he has died in harness. No doubt younger men will spring up, and take his place, in the course of time ; but they have a noble pattern, which it will be their duty to imitate, if they would obtain half the influence, or command a tithe of the respect which was universally accorded to Lord Palmerston. The geniality of his remarks, the thoroughly open way in which he faced all diplomatic difficulties, the stern sense of duty and work which kept him, even to the last, at the helm of state, and the exquisite tact which he displayed towards his political antagonists, are all worthy of our admiration and respect.

Too old, and perhaps too wise a man not to see through the utter hollowness of pseudo-Liberalism, Lord Palmerston, the head and ornament of an essentially "Liberal" Government,

was far too tolerant of "honest doubt," and too keen a statesman, not to perceive that an amalgamation of political principle, so long as it worked together for the good of the country, was far more likely to tone down the extreme views which many able men who served under him were justly accused of holding (before they came into office,) than the raising up of a decidedly party banner, with vested interests inscribed on one side, and the shibboleth of some narrow political party on the other.

A kind-hearted and conciliatory man, one who has his own "views" on what are, after all, merely minor matters in the great struggle of life, but who has a stern sense of doing what is right because it is right, is a benefactor to the circle in which he moves; in fact, a standard of excellence, to which it is immensely difficult for any man to attain either in public or private life. The one great feature which stamped Lord Palmerston's popularity in this country, and made his name honoured and respected in every part of the world, was this,—a high sense of speaking and acting like a man who was determined to give fair-play to all, and to do right for its own sake, *côte qui côte*, not caring one atom what men would say, and not listening to the protests and objurgations of those who had not half the purity of his motives, or of his decision of character, to displace the irrevocable *fiat* of a statesman who knew how to value both flattery and abuse for what they are really worth.

EXON.

OUR BAVARDEUR.

ON perusing, with many complacent smiles and great inward satisfaction, some of my humble contributions to this extraordinary magazine, I remarked with a feeling as near akin to self-reproach as any sensation I ever remember actually to have experienced, that nearly if not every one of my articles began with something not very unlike an apology to the enlightened British public. These apologies were usually occasioned by the depressing feeling of how little I had to say. What, then, are my feelings at this awful moment, when I find myself face to face with the fearful fact that I must again apologize for having in the last number said nothing? Well, I will boldly confess, that what with the heat of the weather, three attachments to three different young ladies (Oh! Audrey, Annie, and Blanche) in the course of seven days, and an excursion to the sea-side, I was left in such a state of moral, physical, and mental depression, that I actually had not the courage to take pen and put it to

paper. If this can be considered an apology, you, oh public, and you, Mr. Editor, are welcome to it.

I have only recently returned to town; and, after fresh air, the fetid atmosphere of hot theatres and smoke of music halls are not perhaps the most refreshing things in the world. (N.B.—These remarks is yoomerous.) However, I have managed to penetrate a few theatres and sit out some plays. Talking of "sitting out" I will commence with "It is Never too Late to Mend," to which I sat down at seven, and did not see the curtain fall till 12.5. That, I think, was devotion to the cause.

Although "It is Never too Late to Mend" is a very long play, let me endeavour to be as brief about it as possible. Of course, every one knows the novel by Mr. C. Reade, which he has been already dramatized as "Gold," and now again as performed at the Princess's. The scenery being the best part of the whole thing, I must say "two words" about it. The farm-yard scene is very well put on the stage—*real* water coming from a *real* pump, a *real* man thrashing *real* straw with a *real* flail in a barn as like *reality* as anything can be on a *real* stage. There are also *real* horses introduced, with, I trust, *real* men on their backs; I hope to be excused, but the idea struck me that if the horses had not known their proper exits, the bipeds on them had not the remotest notion how to guide them off the stage.

The prison scenes are wonderful, especially the corridor; the iron staircase in the centre and depth of the stage give a wonderful reality to the effect.

The cascade is beautiful—the colours a little too marked in the "break of morn" and "the rising sun"—and reminds one of the magic fountain at the Alhambra.

Now for the play, which in my humble opinion is a failure. With the real truth of parts of the story, namely, the prison scenes, I have nothing to do. I am assured by many that what is represented on the stage is by no means an exaggeration of what took place at Birmingham; but, be this as it may, mere truth does not save the piece from being heavy, and lengthens it a good deal. The first night a party of critics took upon themselves to constitute themselves into an audience, hiss the treadmill scene, and demand an apology for a clever back-fall of Miss L. Moore's. What right these gentlemen had to behave in the way they did, I can't imagine. If their indignation were aroused, it ought to have been bottled up till the morrow; and so the audience evidently thought, from the way they groaned and hooted a Mr. Tomlins, "a critic of great calmness and

long experience" as the *Daily News* facetiously calls him. This same gentleman also chose to show a most uncalled-for heat when Mr. Vining explained a sentence which had been considered insulting by the "gentlemen of the press." I was sorry to see an author, well known for his books on the poor of London, following his neighbour's example.

The parts objected to were considerably shortened and passed without remark on other nights.

Mr. Vining as *Tom Robinson* was good. The rôle is somewhat like his late one of *Badger*, but with all the best parts taken out. The part of *Susan Merton* was acted by Miss K. Rodgers; and Miss L. Moore, whom I have before had occasion to mention favourably, did as much as she could in the character of *Josephs*. The part that really achieved a triumph was *Jacky*, a savage, very well played by Mr. S. Calhaem. The rest were very poor, and the audience evidently thought that "It is Never too Late to Mend" would be a good deal amended by not ending so late. (N.B.—"This is ment for a goak.")

The "Serf" at the Olympic has had a run, which is more than I think it deserves; but then Miss K. Terry, and Mr. H. Neville, act very well; and our old friend Mr. H. J. Montague (late of the St. James's), has improved *very* much.

The burlesque, "Prince Camaralzaman," is by far the most stupid, vulgar, and incomprehensible piece of idiotcy I ever had the misfortune to see; and one pities poor little Miss Farren who has to labour through her foolish part night after night.

Of course the burlesque, "Lucia di Lammermoor," at the Prince of Wales's, is well acted. Charming Miss Marie Wilton and her company are well worth a visit, and Mr. Montgomery sparkles like a diamond of the first water. The set of songs adapted to the *Mabel Valse* is alone worth hearing.

The music halls are thriving wonderfully, above all the Alhambra, where a very pretty ballet has been introduced—"Les Patineurs." The great drawback to enjoying this place is probably a delightful feature to the manager, namely, the crowd who come in nightly. A few numbered and reserved seats in the stalls would, I think, be a great improvement.

"Castle Grim," at the Royalty, is, I am told, "dull and stupid," but I have not seen it; nor, I am sorry to say, "Rip Van Winkle" at the Adelphi.

Meantime the papers have been thrown into a painful state of excitement, by a certain Radical publication known as the *Morning Star*, which published an American canard about sub-

scribers to the Confederate Loan, accompanied by an article containing many insults aimed at the *Times*. That the *Morning Star* should, unwittingly or foolishly, publish a falsehood is so excessively natural, that no one need feel in the least degree astonished; but the cause of the attention to this particular episode in the *Star's* twinkling was, that other papers thought it worth noticing, and the most delightfully *Saturday Reviewish* article that has for many a long day adorned the pages of the *Saturday Review* has been occasioned by it.

Whilst talking of American affairs, let me notice the number of books of a particular style which have lately had a great run in England. First of all, "Artemus Ward, His Book," which is not only getting as familiar as "household words," but is also in Chancery. Few can help being amused with this book, whether at the wit, or the spelling, so truly American (and need I say un-English) is it.

"Artemus Ward among the Mormons," has also appeared; but it is not nearly so good as its precursor. There are, also, "The Biglow Papers," by a writer of no small name in America, J. R. Lowell, which originally appeared some time ago; also "Major Jack Downing," and the "Nasby Papers," all amusing in their way.

I must also notice a new curiosity in the way of papers, *The Cosmopolitan*, price 5d. This paper, though ambitious, is not so ambitious as you would suppose from seeing the two hemispheres as a heading. No, it does not aim at guiding both the old and new world, but simply London and Paris. I like to notice the little outgrowings of a new newspaper; it always reminds me of a squib lighted, if possible, at the wrong end with a great bang and much splutter, and then, if the article is not entirely destroyed, a very small stream of fire after. So with the *Cosmopolitan*; conspicuous among the advertisements, is the champagne * wine of the "Cosmopolitan Brand." But we will skip the paper and come to the prospectus. "The C. (excuse the whole word each time), has no apology to make for its appearance." Then why apologise? It (the prospectus) goes on to say that the C. claims with its contemporaries the common right of existence; it is two-fold, to make money and disseminate information, &c., &c., and much more twaddle to the same effect; but here is a magnificent passage. After saying what it evidently intends for ever to crush by its opposition,

* We suppose our writer has heard of the "Anti-Teapot Wines," which are now advertised as good and *not* absurdly cheap.—ED. A. T. R.

or, raise by its advocacy, comes—"It will advocate the universal right of suffrage, regardless of race or colour, with these three disqualifications, ignorance, pauperism, and crime ; and it will oppose the next war, no matter where or wherefore, as hell upon earth, and the sum of all misery."

This is so much against our very nature, not to say to common sense generally, that it needs no comment. I am much afraid the C. has begun at the wrong end, and will have to change its tone before long, if it is to live for any class except for Quakers.

Another little paper, but very different, has also appeared, viz., *The Eclipse*. It would seem its birth was premature, as our youthful friend begins by regretting that up to the time of going to press, "our title-page" had not arrived ; "however," it continues—and here is hope for the subscribers—it will be ready by the next number. This little paper, it would appear, began in Edinburgh, in MS., and gradually became powerful enough to assert itself in print (*minus* the title-page). The print is good, so too is the paper ; and we are, I am sure, much flattered by the way in which we (the *Anti-Teapot*) are mentioned. (I feel as if I were making an after-dinner speech.) The remark about the thunderstorm at Hull would, I feel certain, never have found its way into the paper published by the lunatics at Morningside. However, I wish the *Eclipse* all success, and better attempts at being "yoomerous." I went to a pretty little entertainment the other night at the Gallery of Illustration, where two *opera di camera* are very well performed. To see "The Widows Bewitched," you might imagine yourself in a drawing-room at private theatricals, so small and neat is the stage. And a very pretty little opera it is, well sung and acted. Bravo Miss R. Henderson and Miss E. Pitt, likewise *Bis* Mr. Whiffin and J. A. Shaw. Offenbach's "Ching-Chow-Hi," with pretty music, is too absurd to my taste, but very clever, if Madame D'Este Finlayson were not quite so affected.

Col. Stodare (why colonel?) who has had great success as conjuror, ventriloquist, and basket illusionist, has a most wonderful new deception, the Sphynx, a head in a box which moves, smiles, and speaks, and is well worth a visit.

Anderson is also "going ;" but in his placards, as usual, will represent what is not seen, the lady flying out of the basket on a cloud. This is more suited to the outside of a show at a fair. Chang, the Chinese giant, is very tall, and the dwarf very small ; but both have been eclipsed by Anak and General Tom

Dot. The "Gourlays" have crowded houses, also the "Howard Pauls." The "Child of the Sun" is not successful with Menkin; and Miss Herbert is very good in a poor play, "Caught in the Toils," from "Only a Clod," at the St. James's. There, you have a good deal in a few lines.

Truly yours,

OUR BAVARDEUR.

P.S.—I leave to abler hands than mine to describe what a loss England has received in Lord Palmerston's death, contenting myself with simply deplored the loss of a true gentleman, a good friend, and a great statesman.

MARRIED LIFE.* No. 1.

In the new Edinburgh periodical, entitled *The Eclipse*, may be found the following observation:—"The man who thinks of marrying ought to know his intended's failings before the momentous question is finally popped." Undoubtedly he ought; and another thing he ought to know is the process of his intended's education. He ought to know whether she has been reared in self-engrossing vanity or self-denying usefulness. He should discover whether she was trained to shine early in juvenile parties, or in the home circle of parents and brethren. He should find out whether her mind has been poisoned by flattery or purified by rebuke. Let him ask, "Are those sweet smiles displayed at home? do they delight a father's eyes? do they send joy to a mother's heart? do they greet the return of a brother? Or are they reserved for the groups of admirers who, in brilliant and perfumed apartments, are fascinated by her dancing, entranced by her singing, and enslaved by her charms? Is her watchword 'duty' or 'pleasure'?" In one case he may hope to find a faithful and devoted friend, and a home of love—his refuge from the storms of the world; in the other, he may fear a ceaseless source of vexation and expense, a frivolous and wilful adversary, and a life of misery, from which he will have to seek deliverance in the revolting forms of the Divorce Court.

EVENHANDED JUSTICE.

Oh! Lucifer, Lucifer, son of the *morning*,
Though fallen from heaven thy title holds true;
Let us all show our faith in the prophet by scorning
To the devil himself to give less than his *dew*. G. W.

* The writer has been married for more than thirty years, and can, we hope, speak from experience.—ED. A. T. R.

A FRENCH PROFESSOR ON SPURGEON.

SOME years ago we heard the following description of Spurgeon given by M. Philarète Chasles at the Collège de France. We tell the tale as it was told to us by the learned Professor himself:—"M. Spurgeon fait apporter devant lui une Bible. Il est puissant; c'est un acteur Calviniste de première force; dans son dernier sermon il a eu beaucoup de succès parcequ'il disait, 'Satan, tu ne me tromperas pas!' Une foule de dames enthousiastes Anglaises se précipitaient à embrasser la main de M. Spurgeon. C'est comme un professeur au commencement du 18^{me} siècle qui a été presque porté en triomphe pour avoir dit ces sublimes paroles, 'Messieurs, je suis père de famille, et j'habite à la campagne!'"

SORBONIST.

THE STAR OF BRUNSWICK IN THE PROVINCES.*

(To the Editor of the *Anti-Teapot Review.*)

SIR,—Your correspondent is an unworthy member of the A. T. S., with his whole heart (middle size) in the noble cause of which your review is the recognised organ, and has a mortal antipathy to Des-Ne- and Tea-potism, or any other similar evils with hard words for names and soft people for practitioners. These being his sentiments, he is just now gradually working his moral identity into a sort of hollow square to resist cavalry, prickled all over with points of resistance against a proposed exhibition of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to take place here, weather permitting, some day too soon. All the little committees have grown into big ones, and all the public buildings or private workshops are insisting that they must have the two poor victims for at least half-an-hour. Mr. Best is to play a long tune on the St. George's Hall organ, in order that the assembled councildom may have a good stare whilst the Prince and Princess are kept still for the purpose. This is, no doubt, a local grievance, but of general application; and when you know that the intention of the royal visitors is merely to have a friendly cup of tea—no, I beg pardon, they don't have teapots at Knowsley—a friendly dinner we will say, and then a drive out privately to see the seaport of their kingdom; in fact, just to

* We insert this letter on account of its sterling common-sense, though the Knowsley visit is over.—ED. A. T. R.

give the Prince a chance of saying to Alexandra, "There now ! what do you think of that ?" When you know this you will at once condemn our mayor, aldermen, and burgesses to your private limbo, for arranging what the royal visitors shall do and what they shall not do. They must drive through certain streets, and admire specific objects which the people don't admire themselves. Nobody goes to St. George's Hall for pleasure, nobody goes to two iron foundries before luncheon for pleasure, especially when there is no time to see anything and nothing to see ; and when people do go it should be (like Falstaff's reason) "without compulsion." Do try and make mayor and councillors leave the royal people alone when they go in private to see their friends ; and your petitioner will ever pray, &c., &c., &c.

W. S.

Liverpool, October 25th, 1865.

TWO WINTERS.

THE light through the curtain'd windows
Redden'd the frozen snow,
Far shone through the gloom and vapour
The distant city's glow.

Hand in hand mid the dancers,
They stole from the crowd and light ;
They stood in the crimson shadow,
And look'd on the snowy night.

He heard through the merry music
Her answer low and sweet,
She thought no more of the dancers,
Nor heard their flying feet ;

She only saw how the moonlight
Lit all the frost to gold ;
She knew no shadow across the fields,
In the winter snow no cold.

Bright as the joy it brought her
She deem'd that world of snow,
Sweet the wild wind that could not drown
One whisper soft and low.

There came to the world, long after,
Another Christmas-tide,
The song and the fall of dancers' feet
To the north wind's voice replied;

But the moonbeams linger'd sadly
On a coil of golden hair,
On a young head bow'd in pale hands clasp'd
O'er a face of white despair.

And the sparkling snow, like starlight,
Was piled on a quiet grave,
On a far-off hill where brave ones sleep,
Lull'd by the moaning wave.

Ah ! cold and passionless moonlight,
Ah ! glistening world of snow,
Pure, placid stars in the frosty sky,
And star-like flowers below,

Each year with a new-crown'd beauty
Ye shine serene and fair ;
But, alas ! for the changes earth has known
And the flowers storm-broken there.

C. E. E.

THE LAST NEW THING IN HUMBUG, OR THE SENATOR AND THE SOLICITOR.*

A LADY of polite address
Arrang'd a case of deep distress,
And sallied forth with heart unquailing
And stock of eloquence unfailing
To sue the gen'rous member sent
By Bridport's town to Parliament.—
A widow of that very town
Had come, thro' "Fortune's Frolics," down
From affluence and high degree
To want and utter misery.

* Letter of Mr. Kirkman Hodgson, M.P., to the *Times*.

She could not get a bit of bread,
(So this ingenious lady said)
Nor could she have a decent roof,
Her spirits were far under proof,
Of goods she had a goodly lack,
Her weeds were rather brown than black ;
In short, no human creature e'er
Had known such dismal, dark despair.
Her widow'd friend was much respected,
And she herself was well connected ;
Niece of a clergyman whom fame
Had favour'd with an honour'd name.—
Now Bridport's Senator had oft
Heard tales of woe in phrases soft,
And seen fair dames look captivating
While they false stories were relating ;
And so, the truth to ascertain,
And not bestow his gold in vain,
He thought he'd try this tale's reality
By questions touching its locality.—
The answers were correct and ready,
The lady kept her visage steady,
And spoke, with sweet insinuation,
Of Bridport's poor-rates and taxation,
Of house-rent, workhouse, population,
Of paving, gas, accommodation
For travellers, and railway station,
The price of coal and best potatoes,
Cordage, girth-webbing, and tomatoes,
The present state of gen'ral trade,
(This branch had flourish'd, that decay'd),
The names of some in almshouse plac'd,
And others in the gaol disgrac'd ;
And all with such an air of verity,
One could not doubt of her sincerity.
And now her point was nearly gain'd,
And monies for her cause obtained,
When, anxious to enforce her claims,
Once more her relative she names.
He is my "huncle," she declares,
And mars her "plat" all unawares ;
That fatal H strikes cold and drear
The elegant and polish'd ear.

The bounteous member keeps his gold
To aid distress more truly told;
And says, "To help you my desire is,
But first would make a few enquiries;"
And those enquiries being made,
The "lady" proves a "lying jade."

MORAL.

Oh, all you nymphs of fluent tongue,
Who live by cheating old and young,
Pray now this maxim don't refuse,—
"Tis vain to mind our P's and Q's,
If we our H's should misuse."

S. M.

AT THE BALL.

I KNEW she would dance at the castle,
I knew I should meet her there,
My peerless queen, with her proud dark eyes,
And the diamond flash in her hair.

And I said I could meet her calmly,
As a stranger I should meet,
Who lay not low with the buried joys
Of the dead Past under my feet.

Why did those voices haunt me,
With their ringing change and fall?
I hush'd them with scorn, it was nought to me
That she was to dance at the ball.

But oh! had I power to still them,
Those voices of haunting tone,
When I stood in that sudden flood of light,
With gaze for her alone.

She was there, as my dreams had seen her,
But a thousand times more fair,
With the womanly grace I had never known,
In my maiden with chesnut hair.

But oh! those full eyes' dark splendour,
That hair with its light of flame,
Those lips with the smile I knew—how well!
They still were the same—the same.

"Do you know her, our star, our peerless,
 Our queen with the matchless eye?"
 I knew her once—in our childish days—
 This was my cold reply.

Therewith from the past stream'd upward
 Strange light o'er the present gloom ;
 I was no longer a lonely man,
 Alone in that brilliant room.

But I stood in a purer brightness,
 I lived in the days of old ;
 She was a maiden of seventeen years,
 I, a boy, with curls of gold.

And we walked in the shadowy forest,
 Spring leaves on the birchen bough ;
 Ah ! the air has never that summer joy,
 Nor the hills such greenness now.

The songs of the birds were round us,
 We knew them every one ;
 And the mossy turf with its wealth of flowers,
 Laugh'd to the laughing sun.

Oh ! the glow of those golden sunsets,
 Oh ! the purple haze on the hill ;
 Yet was her smile and her radiant face,
 My heart's best sunshine still.

Do I see her, my boyhood's idol,
 In that beauty cold and proud ?
 No ! my dark-eyed maiden with chesnut curls
 Lies wrapt in her shadowy shroud.

She lies in that shroud of shadow,
 The mists of the joyous past ;
 Mid the music, the flowers, and the fragrance sweet,
 And the sunshine that could not last.

Shine on ! oh, loveliness clouded,
 Ring out ! oh, altered tone ;
 Ye belong to a woman proud and fair,
 But not to my lost, my own !

And the young leaves will come with springtide,
 From the winter snow sweet flowers ;
 But it comes not back, with its dream-like joy,
 This young, bright love of ours !

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(See *The Times*, Jan 22nd.)

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